

bets. Too much was dependent on the laugh we pulled out of it—at the expense of Mister Curly Locks.

Sure enough, when we drove up the high winding road that leads under the porte-cochère of the Wheeler, there they were on the veranda, and Curly Locks' eyes opened a mile and a half or so when he saw us coming. I believe that was the first time he suspected that everything wasn't as he might like to have had it.

We stalked up on the veranda and joined them. Eunice was flushed and a wee mite uncomfortable, it seemed to me. But I pretended surprise. I shook hands with Curly Locks, and asked him what he was doing there.

"That's my business," he says curtly.

"Don't get huffy," I remarks, biding my time for the showdown. "What's the rub?"

"I repeat," he says haughtily, "that's my business."

I nodded to Eunice. "May I speak to you a second?" I asked.

She joined me.

"Is this the time?" I asks.

"In a minute," she says.

"Why not now?"

"The minister's on his way here."

She said it calmly, but her eyes were twinkling. And then I understood. Bless her! She was sure doing the trick up brown. Actually going to get the minister there and then give him the laugh! I chuckled all over, and Eunice and I exchanged winks.

AND then finally the minister came, and we repaired to a parlor that Curly Locks had hired. Even then I think he was sore at our being there. Thought maybe we imagined his intentions weren't all they should have been. And then, when the whole bunch was gathered round, and the doors were closed, I winked at Eunice and she winked back at me. I stepped forward.

"T. Walter Burney," I says, trying hard to conceal the chuckle in my voice, "are you going to marry this young lady?"

"I am," he says aggressively.

I could hardly control my grin. "Sam Harding's niece?" I says.

I turned to the bunch, and nodded them forward. Then I faced Curly Locks once more.

"Curly Locks," I says happily, "you're the victim of the biggest frame-up that has ever been framed in this world. You've always imagined that every girl you have met has fallen in love with you, and you make love to all of 'em. You made us sick—the whole bunch of us.



"'Curly Locks,' I said, 'you're the victim of the biggest frame-up that has ever been framed in this world.'"

We knew that the minute this young lady showed up you'd make a set for her, because she is pretty. You've worked according to Hoyle. Now it's our turn. You intend to marry her—now?"

"What do you mean?" he asked grimly. "I'm not letting any two-by-four movie director inquire into my most personal affairs. And what's the frame-up?"

"Do you know who she is?" I asks, indicating the blushing Eunice.

"Sam Harding's niece," he replies.

That was my time. I struck a Mansfield pose.

"She is Miss Eunice Bailey, the cleverest actress in the world!" I says impressively.

EUNICE didn't meet his eyes just then. He crossed the room to her side, and slipped his arm about her waist. For the first time since I'd seen him he looked like a man instead of a model. His voice was deadly serious too.

"You never told me!" he says softly.

She hung her head.

"And it's all a frame-up?" he repeats.

"And you don't love me, Miriam?" She's previously given her name as Miriam Harding.

"I—" she starts, and then she chokes. "I—I—"

Somehow we didn't feel like laughing just then. It was a kind of rotten deal to hand out, even to Curly Locks. I reckon we all felt a mite sorry for him.

"Will you marry me now?" he says quietly. "I love you."

She looks up at that and her eyes are teary. "You were really going to marry me?" she says wanly.

"I've told you how I feel toward you," he says with real dignity. "But of course if this is a frame-up, I'll just have to take my medicine the best way possible."

She glanced at him then,—all the rest of us were dead silent,—and he looked so game and so manly—not at all like Curly Locks. Then suddenly she broke down and buried her face in his coat.

"I'll marry you," she sobs. "I will! I will! I will! And I don't care what any one says about you!"

With that he pats her head gently and turns to the puzzled minister. "Proceed with the ceremony," he says happily. And then to us, "I will ask you to witness the marriage." And for a wonder there wasn't a triumph in his tone. A woman can have a wonderful effect on a man.

The minister stepped forward and extended his hand. "The license?" he asked.

With that Curly Locks produced the marriage license. It was dated three days before—and it was made out in the names of T. Walter Burney and Miss Eunice Bailey.

Elephants I Have Known

By Dr. W. E. AUGHINBAUGH

THROUGHOUT the far East the elephant has always played an important rôle, and has been to the natives everything from a god to a servant. No matter what was its station, it has always been credited with having a mentality second only to man's in keenness and reasoning power. Many are the stories told of the sagacity and cunning of the elephant.

In India and the near-by colonies the British Army uses elephants in its transport service, and especially for moving heavy artillery. The beasts come to know the orders and bugle calls as well as do members of the battery. Every now and then one of them goes "must," or mad, and kills or attempts to kill a soldier. For such a crime the punishment is death.

I happened to be at the big army camp in Rawal Pindi at a time to witness the execution of one of these rogue elephants which had been a veteran in the service. His almost human demeanor seemed to show that he was aware of his fate; but he met the end bravely, as becomes a soldier. When he was led before the firing squad, and when the sergeant in command gave the order, "Ready!" the elephant raised the tip of his trunk to his forehead in the attitude of saluting his

executioners, and remained in this position until the volley of shots rolled him over dead.

The Elephant as Nursemaid

IN Burma the elephant is used in every capacity. I have seen the small Burmese elephant pounding rice, holding the pestle with its trunk, and every now and then scattering the husks with a blast of air from the same organ. When not thus occupied, it may be swinging its master's hammock or rocking the baby's cradle with one foot, while driving away the flies with a fan held in its wonderful trunk.

In Rangoon, and in many places in the teak forests and lumber yards, the elephant performs all kinds of manual labor, such as carrying and piling logs. It is interesting to see an old tusker place a timber on a pile, then stand off to one side, squint his eye to see if it is in alignment, and if not approach it and push it into position with his head. They are all strict members of the labor union too, beginning and stopping work promptly with the

sawmill whistle. Under no circumstances will they work on Sundays or holidays.

Before the British took Burma, a white elephant ruled the country, holding the dual office of god and king. A man's position in society in Burma is known by the number of roofs on his house. The peasant or farmer, the lowest rung in the social scale, has one roof over his head. The Prime Minister had five, the King six. But the Sacred White Elephant's abode was protected by seven roofs. Thebaw, the last King of Burma, as well as his predecessors, were supposed to rule only under the control and with the approval of this White Elephant.

An Elephant that Ruled a Nation

I HAVE visited the ex-home of this wonderful animal in Mandalay. It occupied the center of a stately grove, and was protected from the gaze of the vulgar by a moat, inside of which was a high-walled fortress. Under a seven-roofed, superbly carved teakwood building, or palace, lived this animal god and king. Colored glass lamps hung about inside.

On a raised stall or dais, protected by a magnificent crystal railing and covered by a red silk canopy, reposed this worshiped beast.

To the king he gave a daily audience, while an army of servants of noble blood formed his retinue and catered to his every whim. Each morning his breakfast consisted of milk from the breasts of twenty-four Burmese women. Thousands of these women daily surrounded his palace, clamoring and offering bribes to the courtiers to obtain for them this sacred privilege; for they believed that the child of such a mother received special spiritual benefits for this sacrifice.

Dr. O'Mally, the Irish surgeon for old King Thebaw, was on hand at each ceremony to administer restoratives to the women after their ordeal; for most of them fainted or were so overcome with emotion that they needed the services of a physician.

When the British took Burma, King Thebaw was deposed and sent to an island in the Bay of Bengal, and the Sacred White Elephant was put in the Rangoon Zoo, where he may be seen to-day plaintively holding out his trunk for a ripe banana. Of him it may be truly said, "How have the mighty fallen!"